



Carline, the Female Brigand.

ULRIC One - now for vengeance !

(Carline enters, she passes the statue. Ulric advances & stabs her.)

The Count & domestics with torches enter.)

COUNT Seize the murderer.

Act 2. Scene last.

Duncombe's Edition.

CARLINE, THE FEMALE BRIGAND:

A ROMANTIC DRAMA,

IN

Two Acts.

By E. STIRLING, Esq.

Author of The Pickwick Club, Bachelors' Buttons, &c.

THE ONLY EDITION CORRECTLY MARKED, BY PERMISSION,
FROM THE PROMPTER'S BOOK:

To which is added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS.
THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,
SITUATIONS—ENTRANCES—EXITS—PROPERTIES AND
DIRECTIONS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

London Theatres.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
By Mr. Findlay, from a Drawing taken expressly in the Theatre.

LONDON:

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Duke of Brandenburg</i>	Mr. Ede
<i>Count Vincenzio</i>	Mr. Laws
<i>Gaspardo, his Servant</i>	Mr. Peddie
<i>Ludwig</i>	Mr. Shoard
<i>Jans Von Schelt</i>	Mr. Bradshaw
<i>Ulric, Second in command</i>	Mr. Thompson
<i>Salmagundi</i>	Mr. Saker
<i>Blitz</i>	Mr. Tongman
<i>Lady Constantia</i>	Mrs. Danson
<i>Arabella, her Maid</i>	Miss Cooper
<i>Nina</i>	Miss Thornton
<i>Carline, the Female Brigand—assuming the characters of Krutz, a Ferryman, an old Mendicant, a wandering Savoyard, a French Marquis, and a Neapolitan Peasant Girl.</i>	
<i>Brigands, Servants, &c.</i>	
	Mrs. Selby

First produced at the Pavilion Theatre, January 16, 1837.
Time in Representation, 1 hour 20 minutes.

COSTUME.

- Duke*—Pace tunic, blue shirt trimmed with gold, white pantaloons, russet boots, black velvet hat and feathers.
- Count*—Blue shirt, trimmed with gold, white pantaloons; russet boots, blue hat and feathers. Second dress. White shape trimmed with blue and gold, russet strap shoes.
- Gaspardo*—Buff shape trimmed with red, red stockings, russet shoes.
- Von Schelt*—Dark shape trimmed with buff, blue stockings, boots.
- Salmagundi*—Yellow shape trimmed with puce, red stockings, boots.
- Blitz*—Grey shape trimmed with red, red stockings, shoes.
- Ludwig and Officers*—Dark blue military shirts, breastplates.
- Ulric and Band*—Brigands' dresses.
- Carline*—Blue shirt trimmed with silver, russet boots, black hat and feathers, steel breastplate. Second dress. Black shape jacket and petticoat trappers, blue pantaloons and shoes. Third dress. Grey cloak, wig, beard, and staff. Fourth dress. Brown tunic, blue binding, russet shoes, brown hat. Fifth dress. Buff and gold shirt, white shoes, and rosettes. Sixth dress. White robe and veil. Seventh dress. Neapolitan blue shape trimmed with gold, blue pantaloons, shoes.
- Constantia*—White satin Spanish dress trimmed with gold, Spanish veil.
- Arabella*—Orange shirt, black body, Spanish head dress.
- Nina*—Blue skirt trimmed with black, black boddice, Spanish head dress.

THE FEMALE BRIGAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A range of extensive Caverns Platforms and Galleries. Staircase to an opening in C. A number of Brigands discovered carousing. Female Peasants attending. Opening Chorus.*

Let the wine cup go round,
'Till the earth's solid ground,
Shall shake at the noise of our revelry.
Let us drink 'till we die,
When the saints, we rely,
Will mingle their songs with our revelry.

[*At the end of the chorus a bugle is heard.*]

Omnes. Our leader Carline! Carline! [*Music. Carline appears at the top of the steps habited as a warrior, bearing a red flag—she descends—Chorus.*]

Hail to the chieftain whose prowess and might,
Secures for us plunder and conquest in fight.
Whose name and bright glories are spread near and far,
All hail to the dauntless Carline Ferrar,

Car. Brave comrades, we must instantly prepare for our midnight labour, a rich prize now awaits us; to night a party of merchants journey through the forest, on their way to Dresden fair, with a costly stock of merchandize; use your sabres stoutly brave hearts, and the over fed citizens will gladly yield their prize to save their heads. Provide arms and disguises for the venture—to you Ulric, I leave the glory of the enterprize. [*Music. The band and Peasants disperse*] Brother, brother, I have seen him.

Ulric. Whom Carline?

Car. My betrayer, Count Vincenzio! nay do not grasp your sword, he is far removed from your vengeance; he is now journeying to woo, and wed a high born bride.

Ulric. A bride?

Car. Yes; and he shall find one in the icy arms of death—his nuptial couch shall be the tomb. I have watched his steps, and I will track the villain to his lair, and when reposing most secure, my dagger shall drink his recreant blood.

Ulric. Why this emotion ? Carline you forget yourself.

Car. Can I forget what I once was, and what I now am ? have I not bartered all for this man, my heart, my honour sacrificed to one who used my love (such love as woman feels but once) as an idle toy, then cast me off a scorned and blighted thing ; do I not live with a father's dying curse upon me ? a wretch, an outcast, the companion of wild and reckless men ; my name execrated—a robber—a midnight plunderer ! and who has driven me to this ? the Count Vincenzo, my lordly seducer ; who now gaily pursues his proud career regardless of the ruin he has caused.

Ulric. This perfidy shall be bitterly repaid.

Car. It shall ; 'tis but for that I have lived and become a brigand, and the terror of my native land ; the Count is now on his way to the castle of Brandenburg—thither will I follow him and in disguise attach myself to his person, and lynx like dog his every movement, till my schemes of vengeance are fulfilled !

Ulric. I will go with you my sister.

Car. No, that would betray all—I must go alone—fear not for my safety, it requires more prowess than Vincenzo's arm possesses to hurt Carline ; the band return, I must to my task,

Ulric. How will you again discover the Count ?

Car. Most easily ; I left him reposing at the inn of your worthy comate Jans Von Schelt who informed me that he intends crossing the Danube at earliest dawn. I am to be his lordship's ferryman—Jans will remove the owner of the boat.

[*Music.* The band re-enter well armed.] Important events my brothers, call me for a short time away ; let Ulric supply my place, on his skill and courage you may rely—follow him boldly—be resolute, and I fear not the result. Remember you strike for the glory of Carline, conquer brave hearts, or nobly die ! [*Carline raises the red flag—they swear to defend it—sing a part of the chorus "Hail to our chieftain."*—Carline ascends the steps—picture.]

SCENE II.—The Court Yard of the Inn. House 2 E. R. H. Sign board over door "The Black Eagle by Jans Von Schelt."

Enter GASPADO from house with a bottle in each hand.

Gas. My master's a gentleman every inch of him, and so is my master's man ; he can't drink himself, so he tells me to drink for him, and by St Jago I'll obey him, he's such a worthy fellow that I can't do enough for him ; [*Drinks.*] here's a bottle of red, ditto of white, so when I'm tired of one I can try the other ; that's what I do with my sweethearts—the

Count my master is going to get married, and I am going to get drunk [*Drinks.*]

Enter NINA, from house, writing on a slate.

Gas. My dear !

Nina. (*Writing*) Calf's head !

Gas. What ?

Nina. Liver and brains.

Gas. Will you hear me you little——

Nina. Sucking pig.

Gas. This is the pig faced lady then, she'll answer with——

Nina. A dish o' parsley and butter.

Gas. The devil you will, Miss Fina. [*Taps her on the shoulder.*]

Nina. Ha signor, is it you ?

Gas. It is ; I spoke to you before, but you were too busily engaged with sucking pigs, and parsley and butter, to attend to me,

Nina. I was making out a bill of fare.

Gas. And a very inviting one it is ; but there's one thing you have omitted though, the greatest delicacy of the house too.

Nina. What's that signor ?

Gas. A pair of sparkling eyes ; ditto of ruby lips of the finest flavour and quality ; samples may be had on personal application. [*Going to kiss her.*]

Nina. Stop—stop signor, not quite so fast.

Gas. Why, an't you a licensed victualler, a dealer in cordials and compounds, and an't I a customer ?

Nina. Aye, but you have no permit.

Gas. Oh, you cunning gipsy ; don't your father keep an inn ? are not your wines to let—your rooms to be let—yourself to be let——

Nina. Alone sir !

Gas. Agreed, I'll take you upon a long lease.

Nina. Thank you, sir, I never take tenants but at will.

Count. (*Without R. H.*) Gaspado !

Nina. Your master's calling.

Gas. Let him call ; I can't attend to him just now.

Nina. Upon my word, you are an excellent servant.

Gas. So he thinks me, and I am content. Nina you know I love you ; I've told you so these last twelve hours ; in a few moments we must separate—you stay here—I go to the devil knows where.

Count. (*Without.*) Gaspado !

Gas. Now can you return my love ? answer me truly before we part.

Count. (*Without.*) Rascal!

Nina. Do you hear?

Gas. Bless you that's nothing—there's villain—rogue—varlet—beard! and half a score more proper names to come before I go; will you love me?

Nina. It is my duty to oblige my customers.

Gas. Say you so, then oblige me with a kiss. [*He is about her; when JANS enters from house R. H.—Nina screams and runs into house—Gaspardo pretends to drink.*]

Jans. Hallo, there! your master wants you.

Gas. I could have told you that an hour ago, but we can't always get what we want.

Jans. The ferryboat is now crossing the river, Jackanapes.

[*Exit into house.*]

Gas. Very well old black eagle; it puzzles me to think however such a surly old cock as that should be father to my pretty chicken Nina, but softly friend Gaspardo, she's a virtuous girl and ought not to be tampered with. No, no, I may be a fool, but I'll never be a villain! I leave that to my betters, and the man must be a rascal indeed, that would wantonly deprive a poor girl of her innocence! [*Exit into the house R. H.*]

SCENE III.—*The banks of the Danube, and side view of the Black Eagle, which is R. H. CARLINE is discovered as a Ferryman, rowing a boat towards the shore.*

Music. Enter, VINCENZIO, GASPARD, and JANS. from Inn.

Count. Poor lad, has he laboured long under this infirmity?

Jans. From his birth, please your excellency, but his deafness never interferes with his business, you'll find him a sharp intelligent fellow: here Rutz, come and pay your respects to your noble customer. Carline jumps ashore and bows to Gaspardo who is L.

Jans. This is the Count Vincenzo.

Car. Traitor, [*Unguardedly—then takes off her hat and bows to the Count.*]

Count. He's handsome, and I'll be sworn intelligent, I read a world of expression in his speaking eye.

Gas. It's lucky he's got expression in his eye, but I'm blest if he has much of it in his mouth.

Count. We may trust him. [*to Jans.*]

Jans. With your life, I'll answer for his conduct, he'll row you with safety to the opposite shore.

Count. He shall be well rewarded for his pains. [retires with Jans]

Gas. I don't half like trusting my precious carcass with this deafy, there's something about him—a—a sort of a I don't know what-ish; can you row a boat?

Car. Eh?

Gas. He's as deaf as a beetle—can you row a boat? [loud]

Car. No, my father always milks the goats.

Gas. Ha! ha! that's capital, I ask him if he can row a boat, and he says his father milks the goats, why the fellow's a complete fool.

Car. I know you are, you show it in your face.

Gas. Come, Mr. Deafy none of your gammon.

Car. Oh yes, I'm very fond of salmon.

Count. Now the tide serves, let us be gone, I would fain reach Brandenburgh before day-break to morrow.

Car. Which morrow you shall never see. [Aside]

Gas. Do you hear young alligator, my master wishes to go.

Car. Eh?

Gas. We want to go. [points to boat]

Car. Yes, yes, I'll row you slow.

Gas. Was there ever such a thickhead?

Jans. You must make allowance, his services would'nt have been required, but for the misconduct of his father the regular ferryman, who is ever indulging in the juice of the grape, instead of minding his business.

Count. Come let us embark.

Car. Oh no, my lord, it wants some hours to dark.

Jans. Allow me my lord. Rutz, his excellency wants to pass over before next ferry, [Aside to Carline]. You must'nt delay longer.

Car. I wait his bidding.

Gas. Why did'nt you go before then?

Count. Farewell host. Now, Gaspardo, come. [Gets into the boat, Gaspardo is followingg, when Carline throws him round and gets in herself.]

Gas. Well I'm—no I won't swear, but its d——d impudent of deafy for all that.

Count. Comr Gaspardo, we wait for you.

Gas. My lord its all deafy's fault, he pulled me back, good bye old black eagle, take care of your young bird. [Jumps into the boat.]

Jans. A pleasant journey to your lordship. [Exit into the house, R. Carline pushes off the boat. Music. Scene closes]

SCENE IV.—*An apartment in Brandenburg Castle, window in flat. Enter CONSTANTIA and ARABELLE, her maid. R.*

Ara. Dear lady, don't take on so; for my part, I'd see all the men at old Nick, before their coming or going should agitate me.

Con. Arabelle, you strangely forget yourself methinks.

Ara. Your pardon my lady if I offend, but it was my love that urged the freedom of my speech. I cannot bear to see you grieve so about the Count Vincenzo, believe me he will soon be here, besides are there not plenty of other noble suitors to occupy the time! the serving man to the bold Baron of Coblets even now is in the castle hall unknown to my lord your sire; he craves an interview with you, to deliver a letter from his master.

Con. There can be little harm in a letter Arabelle, shew him in.

Ara. If my lord the Duke should see him he'll not be best pleased, after having forbid the Baron his master the castle,

Con. I must confess, that curiosity prompts me to know the contents of the letter, bid him give it to you.

Ara. He declines that my lady, to your hands alone will he entrust the precious document. *The Duke without R. H.*
 "Arabelle you jade, come hither."

Con. My father, how provoking. I shall lose the letter.

Ara. Leave that to me, retire a moment, and fear not the result.

Duke. Arabelle!

Ara. Coming your grace, away my lady! *[Arabelle exits]*
 R. H. Constantia L. 2. E.

The DUKE enters, R. H. with ARABELLE.

Duke. What, a man in my castle say you, eh?

Ara. Yes your grace, he insists upon seeing my young lady and will shake you by the hand, whether you will or not.

Duke. By the ghosts of my ancestors, he shall feel my hand if he dares encroach upon my domain.

Ara. So I told him, but it signified nothing, my master says I, tho' a sweet temper'd gentleman—

Duke. What signifies this foolery?

Ara. Not much indeed, for he did'nt believe what I was saying, 'what then,' says I, 'you suppose he's a cross grain'd surly, avaricious, old—'

Duke. Silence minx, and come to the point.

Ara. Well is't this coming to the point ?

Duke. No, it is not, where's the varlet ?

Ara. In the larder, stuffing himself with a brace of the best partridges

Duke. What, devouring my partridges ? order him before me—bring the villain here this instant, [*Arabelle calls L. H.*] devouring my partridges ! why this is the most insolent knave I ever heard of.

Con. (*Entering L. 2. E.*) Has any thing happened to disconcert your grace ?

Duke. Anything ? yes, everything. I'm ruin'd, eat up alive.

Con. Mercy on me, who could have done this ?

Duke. Who ! why a man, and he'd do as much for you if he could get at you.

Con. Pray don't be alarm'd on my account I'll face the danger.

Duke. Oh, the devil doubt you, and I dare say he'd like a young chicken, quite as well as a partridge.

Enter ARABELLE, and BLITZ, L. H. the latter gnawing a bone.

Blitz. (*Strutting up to the Duke.*) I never tasted a better bird in my life.

Duke. Well I declare—do you happen to know who I am ?

Blitz. No, perhaps you're the gamekeeper, you seem fond of airs.

Duke. You rascal, I'm the Duke of Brandenburg, a magistrate.

Blitz. Are you, then just lend me your arm, I love to have justice by my side. [*Takes the Duke's arm, and drags him round the stage.*]

Duke. Why you audacious scoundrel. I'll have you strangled [*Strikes him.*]

Blitz. Oh, my shoulder.

Duke. Where ?

Blitz. There. [*Strikes the Duke, which causes him to turn, he then gives Constantia the letter she runs off. Arabelle following.*]

Duke. Leave the castle instantly, you wont ; here Randolph, Herman, Ludwig. [*Four servants enter, R. E.*] seize this villain, and throw him in a dungeon.

Blitz. There's only one objection to that my lord, they must first catch me,

Duke. Seize him, (*Exit, R. H, the servants run after Blitz—who upsets them, and eventually jumps out of the window. Servants exit R. and L. H.*)

SCENE V.—*Cut and close wood—Music. Enter CARLINE L. H. disguised as an old tattering mendicant.*

Car. The sluggards loiter, the bridegroom seeks the presence of his mate but tardily. 'twas not always thus with him! I remember the time, when swiftly as the bird upon the wing he came to seek the humble cottager, but that day is long since past, he is changed. I am changed, alas, how fearfully, from the happy, virtuous Carline, to the wild and reckless female bandit, the curse, and terror of all Germany.

Gas. (*Without L. H.*) 'This way my lord.'

Car. My victim comes, ere this he would have ceased to live, but for his silly companion. (*Music—Enter the COUNT, and GASPARD R. 2. E. CARLINE assumes the beggar, retires a little R. H. and takes off her hat.*)

Count. Are you sure we are in the right track?

Gas. Certain my lord, young deafy directed us to keep to the left until we came to the wood, and I'm sure we've followed his instructions, for we hav'n't turn'd once right since we left the Inn.

Car. Charity good gentleman, for a poor old man

Gas. Ditto, for a poor young man. I'm a rare subject just now, for voluntary contributions,

Count. How so sirrah?

Gas. Why my lord, an't I in want of money and clothes?

Car. Charity, bestow a trifle on a poor infirm old man

Count. There, (*Gives her money*) can you direct me friend, to the Elector's Arms, near Brandenburg Castle?

Car. Oh, yes, that I can your honour.

Gas. And will you do so, old frost and snow?

Car. Ha! ha! you are pleased to be merry young sir, frost and snow, ha! ha! [*Coughs*] oh, my poor back.

Gas. Never mind your back, tell us the way out of this wood that we may fill our bellies.

Car. You must go, straight on till you come to the brook, then you must turn down the road by the ruin'd cross, which will lead you to the yager's rest, then take the first turn on the left, and the third on the right, no, there I'm wrong, 'tis the fifth on the right, that'll bring you to the castle ford, cross over the bridge, pass by the fir tree grove, then you'll soon get to the—

Gas. The Devil.

Car. No, no, not just yet, ha! ha! [*Coughs*]

Count. The road is intricate my friend, will you guide us, you shall be amply rewarded?

Gas. Ay, do daddy greybeard, you'll find it more profitable than standing here asking alms of the jackdaws and blackberry bushes.

Car. My services are at your disposal.

Gas. Spoke like a christian beggar, by the virgin you deserve something, and I'll give you—never mind, I'll owe it to you.

Count. Silence. Are you ready father?

Car. Almost your lordship. [*Stooping down to buckle her sandal.*]

Count Gaspardo go on, we shall overtake you.

Gas. There's not much fear of that. [*Crossing to R. F.*] for I shall sit down and wait for you, what companions we travel, less fall in with, we only want a dancing bear and a monkey to equip us for all the fairs in Germany. *Exit R. F.*

Car. Now, my lord I attend you. [*The Count crosses to R. H.—as he is going off, Carline attempts to stab him—he turns round—she bows to him.*]

Gas. (*Without.*) Help, help! I'm up to my neck in a quagmire!—help, help! [*The Count exits hastily—Carline follows vowing vengeance.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Gallery in the Elector's Arms Inn, with several in F. and at the sides; on one "The Lion," another "The Lamb," another "The Eagle." Bells ringing, and voices calling "Waiter."*

Enter SAIMAGUNDI, L. H.

Salma. Coming, coming—what a place I've got into here; hurry scurry, from morning to night—no rest, no peace; first the master, then the missus—one had need have the lives of twenty cats to bear it all. [*Voice from the Lion—"Waiter bring my lamb!"*] There's the lion wants his lamb. [*Voice from the Eagle—"Bring the pickled salmon!"*] The eagle dines on pickled salmon. [*Another voice—"Waiter bring my bill!"*] There's No. 31, wants his bill, and so does No. 1, my master; there's that Dutch officer has been living here these six weeks without paying a dump, that's a long credit for a short account; master scored him up double for it though. [*Voice from the Lamb—"Another tankard of brandy punch."*] bless my heart, what a chap that lamb is for brandy punch.

Enter VON SWARTZ from the lion, calling "Waiter—tapster! where are you?"

Salma. Here I am—what then?

Swartz. Soul of my body, didn't you hear me call you?

Salma. To be sure I did—what then?

Swartz. Swords and cannons, why didn't you come then?

Salma. Shovels and pokers, why didn't you say you wanted me?

Swartz. By the hilt of my sword, I'll carbonado your skin for you, you hound—you gun stock—you—you——

Salma. Salmagundi, at your service.

Swartz. You miserable di-b of all sorts, if you don't attend to my commands, I shall spring a mine under your feet, and blow you to the devil.

Salma. Now, Captain, how can I attend to you, when I've got so much to do?

Swartz. What have you got to do, wine skin?

Salma. Well I like that; you've lived in this house six weeks, and don't know what I've got to do. In the first place I go to bed at one, and get out of bed at five—that's not sleep enough for a full grown man; well when my eyes are fairly open, I milk the cows—water the horses—and feed the pigs—then sweep the house—clean the windows—sometimes break 'em—light the fires—lay the cloth and eat my breakfast—then call the guests—dust out the lion—scrub the eagle and wash the lamb—then I run of errands—mix punch—draw corks—drink wine and swallow my dinner—that done, I pick my teeth—read the news, and go to sleep.

Swartz. And when you wake up?

Salma. Why, then I sit down and go to sleep again.

Swartz. Ha, ha! now hark you, young never do right, if you don't give me a good share of your services, I'll give you what I've promised. I've said it, and I'll do it.

Salma. There's one thing you won't do, though you've often said it.

Swartz. And what is that?

Salma. Pay your bill. [*Runs off L. H.*]

Swartz. By the emperor's beard, this is past endurance: must a brave soldier be thus insulted by such a starveling as that too? Carbines and bombshells forbid it: I'll spit him on my sword like a capon. I shall kill the rascal, and then I shall eat him.

[*Exit R. H.*]

SALMAGUNDI, re-enters.

Salma. The lion is gone into his den, and I'll take good care

to keep him there. [*Locks door.*] There now, you may rear away till you are tired, no supper do you get this night.

Gas. (*Without* L. H. House! house, I a y.)

Salma There's some fool calling the house, how can that answer him?

Enter GASPARD, L. H.

Gas. (*Affected.*) Are you the turnspit boy?—eh?

Salma. No, I'm the lickspit, man.

Gas. Well then, man or boy, prepare a good supper, and clean beds for the Count d'incerzio, and his hungry squire.

Salma, I will your 'squireship.

Enter VINCENZIO L. H.

This way your lordship, No. 29; the supper shall soon be prepared.

Count. I care not how soon, for I am anxious to retire to rest.

[*Exit* R. H.]

Salma, Will you walk into the kitchen?

Gas. Will I not—lead the way.

Salma. No, sir, I know my place.

Gas. That's more than I do; follow me then little boy.

[*Exits strutting off* R. H.]

Salma. What a precious long tail our cat's got—follow me little boy—he, he!

[*Sits* R. H. imitating Gaspardo.

Enter CARLINE, L. H. *disguised as a wandering Savoyard, with puppets, and tambourine.*

Car. He's fairly housed. I have dogged him to this Inn unknown, unseen—here my long arrear of hatred shall be discharged—to night he dies.

Enter SALMAGUNDI, R. H. *Carline dances the puppets and plays.*

Salma. Hollo! who are you Mr Punch?

Car. I am Henri, the wandering savoyard.

Salma. This is no house for wanderers I can tell you, we take in none but respectable travellers; where do you come from—eh?

Car. Switzerland.

Salma. Why, didn't you stay at home with your father and mother—eh?

Car. Alas! I have no home, and my parents are both dead.

Salma. More shame for 'em to die, and leave such a young chap as you to be kicked up and down the world. I'm very sorry for you, but I can't let you stay here, my master never encourages poor people.

Car. Surely you will allow me to remain till day-break? a truss of straw and a little water is all I ask.

Salma. That's not much to be sure, but then you know we never give water away—we always sell it mixed with brandy ; you had much better trudge on, there's a nice clover field about a league from the house—you can turn in there, and have a comfortable snooze till morning—shut the gate after you and you won't catch cold.

Car. Pray let me remain here, I'm weary and faint with travel.

Salma. No, no, it's no use—out you must go.

Car. Have pity on me ! [*Count opens his door.*]

Count. What means this disturbance ?

Salma. Your lordship, this wanderer insists upon stopping at our Inn all night, and I insist that he sha'n't—that's all.

Count. Why not grant his request ?

Salma. Because he can't pay for it ; we let our beds, not give 'em away.

Count. He appears much fatigued, charity should induce you to shelter him.

Salma. That's all very good, but then I an't paid for being charitable ; I'm only paid for waiting, therefore go he must.

Count. Let him remain, I'll pay for his lodging and refreshment.

Car. Thank you my, lord.

Salma. Oh, if your lordship wishes it, I've not the least objection ; I like to assist the poor, [*Aside.*] when I'm paid for it. Shall I carry your dolls for you, young gentleman ? I'm sure you must be tired.

Carlina. No, you are not paid to be charitable, remember !

Count. Inform me when the repast is ready.

Salma. I will my lord ; the great bell gives notice when it's going on table. [*Exit E. H.*]

Count. Have you travelled far to day ?

Car. Five leagues my lord.

Count. Five leagues ! you must be much fatigued ; what are you called.

Car. Henri, so please you.

Count. Are you obliged to wander thus, or is it from inclination ?

Car. Who would live dependent on the charity of a cold hearted world from inclination, think ye ? No, my lord, by roaming from town to town, I gain the scanty means of existence.

Count. Have you no relatives, or friends ?

Car. My relatives are all dead ; and for friends, where can the unknown look for them ? I once had both, but from the

night the fatal avalanche burst o'er our peaceful cottage, sweeping in its fury my aged parents, and all our worldly store into the raging flood; no hand of kindness or compassion has ever been extended towards me.

Count. Had you no brother, or sister?

Car. I had one brother, but he fell from the glacier whilst hunting the swift Chamois and thus found an early grave.

Count. You had no sisters?

Car. One; but she was torn from me by the vile arts of a lordly seducer—she forsook her home—her parents and fair fame, for the love of one who betrayed, and cruelly deserted her—poor Carline!

Count. Carline!

Car. You are moved, my lord! you feel as all good men must feel, and wish as I wish; that heaven's vengeance may one day o'er take the villain, and hurl destruction on his guilty head! may the wretch never know rest, who could thus destroy the peace of a happy family and blight the virtue of a helpless, contending girl. [*Bell rings.*]

Enter SALMAGUNDI, L. H.

Sal. Supper's waiting my lord.

Count. I'll hear more of your story in the morning—follow me. [*Exit R. H.*]

Salma. Come when you're called, do as you're bid, Shut the door after you, and you'll never be chid. [*Exit R. H.*]

Car. Again his life is at my disposal; the contents of this phial, shall free me from his hated presence. [*Exit R. H.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Hall, or Eating Room. Window in F with curtains. D. each side, and staircase leading to gallery. Fireplace R. H. Several Tables; at which Guests are seated taking refreshment. The COUNT, and CARLINE at C. table. GASPARGO waiting on them. SALMAGUNDI busy among the Guests.*

Count. You've scarcely tasted the supper, why don't you eat?

Car. Thank your lordship, I'm not very hungry.

Gas. (*Aside.*) I'm very glad of it, for I am.

Count. Will you take a glass of wine with me?

Car. I shall be too happy my lord. [*Aside.*] Now for the poison. [*Carline fills a goblet, and unobserved pours the contents of the phial into it—presents it to the Count—Salmagundi who has been running about all the scene, runs against her and knocks the goblet out of her hand*]

Car. Confusion!

Salma. Never mind, it wasn't your fault—you needn't beg my pardon.

Count. Never heed it Henri, pour out another. [*Carline does so*] have you a song you can oblige me with? I feel an un-sought sadness, sing boy if thou canst.

Car. I will my lord; I'll sing you one of our native village airs.

SONG—CARLINE.

From Berne I bring the news,
Will tickle the heart so sweet, ma foi!
With my sa, sa, sa, I the world command—
La fille with ha, ha, ha!
So we dance and sing, and laugh,
Vive la beauty, we quaff,
Et la fortune de la guerre!
And a tin, tin, tin, and a tan, tan, tan,
And a tin, tin, tin, tam-a-rare!
[*Beats tamborine and dances.*]

Count. Thanks Henri, your kindness shall not be lost, good night. [*To Salmagundi.*] I wish to rise betimes in the morning let me be awakened. Gaspardo attend me to my chamber.

Salma. This way your lordship, No. 2, on the ground floor

Car. (*Aside*) No. 2! [*Music—Count bows to Guests and exits through door B. N.—Gaspardo follows—Salmagundi wishes the Guests good night, and they all retire variously—he removes the supper things*]

Enters GASPARDO.

Gas. This is my sleeping room, isn't it rogue? [*Pointing to door 2 E, L. H.*]

Salma. Yee it is rogue. [*Gaspardo exits.*] now boy [*To Carline*] an't you going to bed? the guests are in their nests and we only wait for you

Car. I'll not detain you.

Salma. Well, there's a light; you'll find a room in the gallery on the left hand, No. 31, it's on the door—make haste now.

Car. Good night to you. [*She takes a light, and ascends stairs and enters room*]

Salma. Hello! you've left your dancing dolls! well never mind, they'll be safe enough till morning. what queer looking things they are; ecod I think I could play punch and jady myself—then this thingamy, [*Taking up the tamborine.*] why any fool could beat this; [*Beats it*] but stop, I must not forget to call the Count, or he'll forget to give something for

myself. [*Clock strikes eleven.*] Eleven! and the count wishes to rise at daybreak—that'll be about three; I'll make all sure about getting up, for I won't go to bed—I'll take a snooze on the stairs, that'll do for me—but where's my nightcap. [*Takes out a handkerchief and ties round his head.*] That's all right, and now good night. [*Blows out the light—sits on the stairs goes to sleep—Music—Carline opens her door and advances.*]

Car. All is now secure! [*Perceives Salmagundi*] another obstacle—if I awake this idiot he will alarm the house—this must save me. [*She takes off her sash, and with it lowers her lamp, then gets over the ballusters without disturbing Salmagundi.*]

Car. Vincenzo, seducer!—tremble! for thy last hour is come. [*Draws a dagger, and exits cautiously R. H.—a pause, the Count exclaims "Murder!—Thieves!—Help!"—Carline rushes in and locks the chamber door—Vincenzio still calling "Help, help!"*]

Car. A moment and I'm lost! Ah! I'll fire the house, and in the confusion I may escape! [*Sets fire to the curtains—Salmagundi falls off the stairs—Count bursts open the door—Carline rushes up the stairs—the Guests enter from their several chambers—some half undressed—Gaspardo with a night cap on, and wrapped in a sheet.*]

Count. Wretch! who and what are you?

Car. [*Throwing open her dress and presenting a brace of pistols.*] Carline, the robber!

Count. Secure him! [*All are struck with astonishment—the Inn is on fire—Curtain*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A magnificent Saloon in Vincenzo's Mansion. A grand banquet The COUNT and CONSTANTIA, on raised seats, R. H. Lords and Ladies discovered promenading—the scene brilliantly illuminated. As drop rises, GASPARDO enters through.

Gas. Another guest my lord, craves admittance to the festive scene.

Count. His name, and rank?

Gas. He calls himself the Marquis de Montmoronci, travelling towards Berlin, the lights and sounds of revelry attracted his attention, and being informed at the gate of your lordship's happy union, he craves an introduction to yourself and lovely bride.

Count. Admit him instantly; [*Exit Gaspardo.*] 'twere nig-
gardly to refuse our hospitality to the stranger, and on such a
night as this too [*Music—Gaspardo bows on CARLINE, disguised
as a French Marquis—a fop in the time of Louis, IV.—whiskers,
&c.*]

Count. Welcome, my lord Marquis, to Presburg castle!
[*Advancing to meet him.*]

Car. You do me proud, my lord. [*Affectedly, and smelling a
white rose she has.*]

Count. Allow me to make known to you, the Countess Vincen-
zio—my new made bride. [*Leading her forward.*]

Car. Fair lady, I am your—lovely creature, by my faith!
[*Quizzing her with glass.*]

Count. You will honour us by partaking of our festivities, my
lord.

Car. I have no possible objection, Count, by my honour;
[*Servants present wine.*] may your happiness continue for ever!
Health to the charming bride, and noble bridegroom.

Count. You journey towards Berlin, I hear my lord?

Car. Yes; the fact is, I have been completely satiated with
the gaiety of London. Paris. and Rome—I am now on my way to
the Prussian capital, where I purpose living on sour kroust by
way of a change,

Count. Will you join us in the dance, my lord?

Car. I shall be enraptured; I am a decided admirer of Terpsi-
chore. I should be most proud to have the honour of dancing
with your ladyship—upon my veracity.

Con. You flatter Marquis.

Car. Not at all; 'pon my honour, I always pay homage to a
fine woman. [*Set of quadrilles, after which the Count leads Con-
stantia to her seat, R. H.—refreshments are served*]

Count. Marquis, I am delighted to make your acquaintance.
[*Drinks, and presents Carline the cup—she takes it.*]

Car. Your hospitality demands my gratitude; let this speak
for me, and avenge Carline. [*The goblet on a salver. held by a
Servant, and as the Count is returning to his seat, she attempts
to stab him—Constantia perceives her—advances and wrests the
dagger from her.*]

Count. Secure him! [*Servants surround her—Picture—Scene
closes.*]

SCENE II. — A front Chamber in the Mansion.

Enter ARABELLA, R. H.

Ara. Here's a pretty piece of business—the man's a woman

after all ; only to think that the grand French Marquis, should turn out to be Carline the woman robber - oh, it's wonderful !

Enter GASPARD, L. H.

What's the matter now, Gaspardo ?

Gas. Don't ask me, I'm in such a quandary ; that she-devil the Marquis—I mean Carline the robber, is to be changed into a woman, and thrown into a dungeon immediately.

Ara. What do you mean by being changed into a woman—isn't she one already ?

Gas. Well I know that—but the Count wants her to look like one. She's to be stripped of her fine feathers, and clothed in a becoming woman-like dress—so that she may appear before the Justiciary to-morrow in a proper garb.

Ara. For my part, I don't see why she shouldn't keep on her fine clothes if she pleases.

Gas. There it is, you women are all so fond of wearing the breeches, and showing your fine legs ! [*Exit* R. H.

Ara. Indeed, Mr. Jackanapes ! of one thing I'm sure, that none of your sex shall vex or perplex me.

SONG—ARABELLA.

I'm courted by the men folks all,
The gay, the grave, the witty—
The maypole high, the pigmy sn—
All vow I'm monstrous pretty.
But for my heart each love-sick swain,
May languish, pine, and die—
I only smile at all their pain,
Who cares ? I'm sure not I.
With a fal lal la !
Some call me pretty blue-eyed Bell,
Admirers are so civil ;
And some who say they love me well,
A wicked little devil !
'Tis true, I am no haughty miss,
Will wed before I die,
And should a lover snatch a kiss,
Who cares ? I'm sure not I !
With a fal lal la !

[*Exits* off, L. H.]

SCENE III.—A Dungeon.

CARLINE discovered, as a Female Penitent.

Car. He has again escaped, and laughed my threats to scorn—but there are more roads to the heart than by cold steel ; he dares not give me up to death, lest I unfold his perfidy. I have

been trampled on without pity or remorse by him—still I have borne it all, assured that a day will come. Spirits of my race, free me from these human fiends, or give me strength to free myself! [*She kneels.*]

Enter COUNT, D. in F. disguised as a Monk.

Count. Carline, I come to give you freedom!

Car. Begone, traitor! your presence is pollution! I accept no favours from the Count Vincenzo, the betrayer!

Count. If you refuse my aid, a certain and violent death awaits you!

Car. Let it come, I fear not death! a little space and I am gone—the despised, and desolate victim of lordly lust must die! scorned and execrated—whilst you, my destroyer, will live honoured and adored; but, remember a day will come when all your wealth, pride of birth and power, will avail you nothing—dread the approach of that day, Count, for it will surely give you to eternal tortures.

Count. Carline reject not the means of escape, and you may yet be happy and respected; pardon and endeavour to forget the past.

Car. Forget! fool, cold, senseless fool! I abandoned my country—became an alien from my home—my friends for you. Have you forgotten the solemn promises of never ending happiness with which you won me—the high sounding, heartless sophistries that perverted my reason? For you my aged father cursed me as he died—for you I became a mark for scorn—for you, gave up kindred—home, honour! and you in return deceived me!

Count. Was I then so dear to you?

Car. Can you ask that question? look on me—trace my sincerity in the blight and decay of that beauty you once so much admired—can you look on me, and doubt the depth of my devotion to you; you were the dream of my girlhood—the object of my never changing adoration.

Count. Your wrongs have indeed been great; pray pardon me? [*Kneels.*]

Car. This is well; the haughty Count Vincenzo, at the outlawed girl's feet; this rewards me for an age of sufferings—you have disgraced yourself without honouring me. I swore to humble your pride, and punish your cruelty or die; now listen to me: were you the world's king I would not wed you! I scorn and loathe you even too much to pity you.

Count. Will you accept of my aid to leave the castle? this monkish gown will conceal you from observation.

Car. I will accept the favour you would do me, Count; hereafter I will repay the obligation with gratitude deep and lasting. [*Takes gown.*]

Count. Ere you go, say am I forgiven; will you forgive a wretched penitent?

Car. Pardon, I curse you! hear the loud curse which every night before my eyes have closed this voice hath uttered—hear this curse and tremble! “May those eyes which have so long wanted in unholy fires, become dim and powerless by tears—may your heart become hard and callous by suffering as mine hath been—may every limb fall listless, and fail you in that hour when you need them most—may you flee before imaginary danger, but when the real peril approaches be dead to its arrival—may this curse rest on thee and thine, till thou securest my pardon;” and may it fall with all its direfull force on me if ever I accord it!

[*Exit to music, through D. in F*

Count. This turbulent woman must be silenced without my seeming knowledge—my life is uncertain while she lives. Gaspardo and a chosen troop shall follow her to the mountain—there she must die, for in that alone dwells my security.

[*Exit D. in F.*

SCENE IV.—A Corridor in the Mansion.

Enter GASPARDO, L. H.

Gas. Here's another nice go—the she devil is gone to the devil knows where—flown through the key hole—galloped on a thunder cloud through the air; these women, these women, soft, tender, bewitching as they are, certainly play the old one with us; my master will be in a pleasant humour, living in the constant expectation of having his throat cut from ear to ear. They do say he once loved this Carline—for my part, I should as soon think of paying my addresses to a pan of red hot coals, or a flash of lightning.

Enter COUNT VINCENZIO, R. H.

Count. Gaspardo!

Gas. My lord!

Count. You have ever been faithful to me; may I now depend on your fidelity?

Gas. My lord, I am your vassal—my services are at your command.

Count. Will you aid me?

Gas. With heart and hand.

Count. You have heard of Carline's escape?

Gas. I have my lord, and how she contrived it, is a mystery to all.

Count. She was liberated by me !

Gas. What my ord—did you give liberty to your deadly foe ?

Count. Yes ; I gave her liberty—but to bring her death !

Gas. The devil !

Count. You are amazed ! I did this that she might more readily fall into the toils prepared for her destruction ; this task I must leave to you.

Gas. I do not understand, my lord.

Count. Carline by this time, is scarcely a road from the chateau—a troop of armed men might easily overtake her, and their daggers find sheaths in her heart—and a thousand ducats shall be their reward !

Gas. Phew !

Count. You hesitate !

Gas. No, I don't, my lord ?

Count. You consent then—you'll do it ?

Gas. No, if I do I m d - d ! No, my lord, I wasn't brought up to the butchery trade.

Count. Do you fear, sirrah ?

Gas. Yes, Count ; I do fear that on the great day of reckoning such a black deed would tell mightily against me.

Count. Coward !

Gas. No, I'm no coward give me a stout sword, and a brave foe, and I'll fight for you from sunrise to sunset ; but sooner than I'd help to assassinate this Carline—woman or devil as she may be, I'd spring a mine under the old chateau, and blow you, myself—and everybody in it to the devil.

Count. Do you dare threaten me ?

Gas. No my lord I only speak the truth—I know that's a bitter pill for the great folks to swallow at any time.

Count. Begone, beggar !

Gas. I obey my lord ; you needn't reproach me with my poverty, for let me tell you, that the man although a beggar that can boast a pure, unsullied conscience, is equal—if not superior to the greatest monarch that ever sat upon a throne. [*Exit L. II.*]

Count. Curses on the knave ! but his insolence shall be bitterly chastised !—my victim will escape ! what ho, Karl ! [*Enter a Servant, R. II.*] Bid Ludwig summon instantly, a troop of horsemen, and meet me instantly in the court-yard. [*Exit Servant, R. II.*] She shall not go scatheless on the road—I've sworn it, and I'll keep my vow !

[*Exit L. II.*]

SCENE V.—*A rugged Mountain pass. Music.*

Enter CARLINE, L. H. as a Monk—she whistles, and the Brigands enter R. H. and L. H.

Ulric. Stranger, stand!

Car. Brother! [*Removing the hood*]

Ulric. Carline, why have you loitered thus!

Car. I have been in the power of the tyrant! the toils of death have been spread around me—but I have escaped, and live for vengeance.

Ulric. Your rashness plunges you into a thousand dangers; why not let my hand avenge your wrongs? the band murmur—you must quit this enterprize; 'tis with much difficulty they consented to this ambush—they have not forgotten your failure at the Elector's Arms.

Car. Grant me but another day—if I fail, willingly will I quit my purpose, and leave my cause to fate. [*Bugle heard.*] Danger approaches:

Brigand. A troop of armed men, ascend the mountain from the castle.

Ulric. Comrades, prepare!

Car. Ulric, there's treachery afoot—guilt must be met with guilt; do you and the band retire, and leave these new comers to me; not one shall escape—give me your bugle. [*He does so.*] When you hear it sound, rush forward and secure your prisoners—quick, to ambush! [*Music—the Robbers retire R. H. — Carline pulls the hood over her face.*]

March. Enter LUDWIG, Officers and Soldiers, U. E. L. H.

Car. Benedicite, my son!

Lud. Thanks, holy friar; have you seen a female pass this road?

Car. I have my son—she was on this very spot not a moment since.

Lud. In which direction did she travel?

Car. Her steps bent towards the pass.

Lud. Forward! [*March repeated—the Officers and Soldiers, exit U. E. R. H.—Ludwig is following, when Carline catches his arm.*]

Car. Stay my son—you seek Carline Ferrar?

Lud. I do; how know you my errand?

Car. No matter—I can give her to your hands.

Lud. Where is she?

Car. Here! [*Throws off gown, and sounds bugle.*]

Lud. Fiend! Sorceress! [*Music—Carline fights with Ludwig*]

—the Officers re-enter fighting with Brigands—Carline's party are victorious—Picture—Scene closes.]

SCENE VI.—A Room in the Chateau.

Enter GASPARDO, and ARABELLA, L. H.

Gas. Now my dear, sweet, little Arabella—never mind any thing about that she-devil Carline; I want to talk about our own affairs.

Ara. I dare say you do; but I want to know all——

Gas. Aye, most women do—and to have all too.

Ara. How she got out, astonishes me.

Gas. How she got in, astonishes me.

Ara. Now, Gaspardo, you know all about it—do tell me?

Gas. No, I won't.

Ara. You won't, sir?

Gas. No!

Ara. Why, not, may I ask?

Gas. Simply, because I don't know myself!

Ara. You jest with me now, sir.

Gas. By St. Jago, I do not dearest; now don't spoil that pretty face with black looks!

SONG—GASPARDO.

Pretty missee, come and kissee,
With your black and rolling eye!
Oh, that lip ee, let me sip-ee,
Or with anguish I shall die.

Little deary, look more cheery,
Don't with dark frown sulky stand.
Believe me, chucky, you are lucky,
To have a husband made to hand.

Ara. You are always teasing about husbands and marrying; now you have no money and less credit. What on earth could you do for a wife if you had one?

Gas. Leave that to me; I should never buy a stable till I had a horse.

Ara. How would you treat a wife if any one should be silly enough to have you?

Gas. Love, honour, feed, cloathe, protect, and give her a good thrashing when she deserved it.

Ara. Lud-a-mercy! never expect to have me then for a wife.

Gas. My love, you never would deserve the cudgel; you are too good, too kind! now consent to meet me in the garden by the Templar's statue at vesper hour, and I'll reveal to you my plans for our future happiness.

THE FEMALE BLIGAND.

Ara. Well, if I thought we should escape notice, there would not be much harm in hearing what you had to say.

Gas. Fear not darling! I'll steal out of the chateau, wrapped up in one of master's cloaks; the servitor will think it is his lordship, and all will pass unnoticed.

Ara. Well, I think I'll meet you.

Gas. A thousand thanks, dearest! by the Templar's statue; [*Bell rings.*] there's the castle bell—farewell sweet: I shall be punctual. [*Exit R. H.*]

Ara. So shall not I, mister malapert—use the cudgel indeed! marry but I'll punish him for that. He may walk in the garden till dooms day for me—I'll let him know that one woman is a match for twenty men at any time. [*Exit L. H.*]

SCENE VII.—A saloon in the Chateau.

Enter CONSTANTIA, Female Attendants, and GASPARD, 2 E. R. H.

Con. Who is it craves admittance?

Gas. A young girl your ladyship—she seems in great distress.

Con. What is her request?

Gas. I can't tell your ladyship; she's as silent as the grave!

Con. Let her have admittance.

Gas. I will, my lady. [*Exit L. H.,—re-enters immediately conducting CARLINE, disguised as a Neapolitan Peasant girl—she in pantomime implores the protection of Constantia.*]

Con. What is your distress? [*Music—Carline informs her in pantomime she is deprived of speech*]

Con. Unfortunate being, how can I serve you? why don't you answer?

Gas. Why don't you answer when my lady speaks to you?

Con. Know you not she is dumb?

Gas. Then why didn't she say so?

Con. Unhappy girl! what is it you desire at my hands?

Car. (*Requests food and shelter,*)

Gas. A modest request! Board and lodging for nothing! That's rather too much of a good thing, as the cat said, when she fell into the milk pail.

Con. What is the cause of your present distress?

Car. (*Informs her that she has been deserted by her lover, shows a miniature, and indicates that her lover promised her marriage—weeps, throws the miniature down and tramples on it, but picks it up again.*)

Con. You have been deceived? [*Carline bows.*] Poor girl! Gaspardo, seek your lord—I would hold converse with him.—

[*Exit Gaspardo, R. H.*].—Fear not; you shall have protection. Remain here 'till my return. [*Exit R. H.—Attendants follow.*]

Car. All goes on well! 'Tis my last venture, and shall end in the death of one or both. Ulric and the band are near the chateau, but how to lure the victim to his doom—[*Gaspardo re-enters—Carline starts.*]

Gas. Don't be alarmed, young woman—I'm not my master—he'll soon be here, though; then tell your story well, and board, lodging, washing, and pocket money are your's for life. Speak out—don't be afraid! Oh, dear! I forgot she's as dumb as an oyster! Now for my Arabelle—by the Templar's statue—that's a nice spot to meet—it's so quiet and undisturbed. [*Exit L. H.*]

Car. The Templar's statue! I wanted a meeting-place; it shall be there. Yes, there, Vincenzo shall find a grave, and my wrongs atonement! [*Music. She takes out tablets and writes.*]

Re-enter CONSTANTI, and the COUNT.

Con. This is the unhappy girl, my lord.

Count. Ha! [*Recognizing Carline, who motions him to be silent.*]

Con. You are agitated, Vincenzo—does her presence offend you?

Count. No, love. Her features remind me of one I thought dead. [*Crosses to Carline.*] Why do you thus brave your fate?

Car. Read this. [*Gives tablets.*] Obey the contents, and all shall be forgiven.

Con. Shall I receive her into the household, my lord?

Count. As you list. Your pardon for a few moments—I would be alone.

Con. Stranger, follow me—you must need refreshment. Don't tarry long, Vincenzo.

Count. I'll speedily attend you. [*Exit Constantia, R. H.—Carline is following, when she turns to the Count and says, "You will come?"*]

Count. I will! [*She exits R. H.—Count reads tablet.*] "Meet me instantly in the chateau gardens, near the Templar's statue; there I will reveal my conditions of forgiveness—do not refuse my request—'tis the last time in this world that you will behold Carline." I will go, but I'll go well prepared. Karl! [*Enter Karl, R. H.*] Let the domestics be armed and provided with torches to attend me instantly. [*Exit Karl.*] Yes Carline, I will meet you—yet beware, lest the meeting bring you death.

[*Exit R. H.*]

SCENE VIII.—*The gardens of the Chateau. Moonlight. In the centre of stage the statue of a Templar. Vases, and shrubs about. Music.*

Enter CARLINE. U. E. R. H. *she blows a whistle, and ULRIC starts up from U. E. L. H.*

Car. Everything succeeds to my wish; Vincenzo consents to meet me on this spot—the hour of revenge is nigh!

Ulric. Have a care, he yet may foil you.

Car. He cannot. shall not! do you secrete yourself behind this statue, and when the second figure passes, plunge your dagger deep into his recreant heart.

Ulric. The second figure say you?

Car. Yes; I will be the first, the Count the second—give me your cloak and hat, 'twill serve to mislead my invited guest.

[*Takes them.*] Now, Ulric, to your concealment—he'll soon be here; remember the second person—strike boldly! 'tis for Carline!

[*Exit 3 E. R. H.*

Ulric. Never fear my skill, he'll have no occasion for another dose. [*Gets behind statue.*]

Enter GASPARDU, in a cloak, 2 E. L. H.

Gas. Not here! There stands the old Templar grinning and frowning as usual; she couldn't have mistaken the spot—egad, perhaps she has hid herself under one of the gooseberry bushes to tease me.

[*He passes the statue, and exits 2 E. L. H.*

Ulric. One! Now for vengeance! [*Hides again.*]

Enter CARLINE, 3 E. R. H. wrapped in the cloak—she passes the statue—Ulric advances, and stabs her in the side—chard—she screams and falls—the Count attended by Domestics, enter R. H. and form round her.]

Count Seize the murderer! [*Retainers secure Ulric, who is in R. H. C.*]

Car. Do not harm him; he struck by my orders—the blow was intended for you!

Enter CONSTANTIA, and ARABELLA, 2 E. R. H.

Con. Why is this alarm? The dumb girl!—and bleeding too!

Car. Lady you have been deceived, I am not dumb.

Gas (*Aside.*) I should like to know the woman that is.

Con How?

Car. You have little cause to fear me now. If I had the will, I have not the power to harm you.

Count. Summon assistance!

Car. No; 'tis useless. My last hour is come. I have fallen into my own snare. Lady, accept this token; it will remind

you of one that loved deeply, if not well. [*Offers a miniature.*]
Do not refuse the gift, 'tis the semblance of your lord. [*Constantia takes it.*]

Count. Say that you forgive me, Carline?

Car. I dare not withhold forgiveness now—my limbs refuse their office—my eyes grow dim: strange unearthly sights flit before them; my—my heart loses its pulsation—the angel of death is busy within me! Father, father, I come! look not thus darkly on your child—my sin has been bitterly atoned! see, see, the old man turns from me, and points to the juggling fiends: they prepare tortures for me! Mercy, mercy! yet a little, I cannot die! Oh, horror! horror! they drag me down the gulph! save me! save me! Vincenzo—bless—bless you! Mercy—mercy!
[*She dies to slow music—Picture.*]

THE CURTAIN FALLS.